

NO. 33.

New York Office, 119 Chambers Street.

W. P. WALTON.

Mr. Vilas, the Postmaster General, does not believe in making his department a mere political machine and its 40,000 postmasters and 100,000 direct and indirect employees, a lot of henchmen for a political chief, regardless of the interest of the service or of the people. The republican party has used it to advance its interests and that accounts for about all the scandals which have surrounded the service. He thinks this is a good time to break up the notion that the postmasterships are the peculiar property of politicians and that everything must be subservient to their convenience and purposes. Continuing he says: "I believe, of course, that the offices as a rule should be given to persons who are in accord with the views of Administration, but there should be some discrimination exercised so as to secure the person who is most satisfactory to the majority of the community in which the office is situated. Instances have occurred in which an entire community have supported one man and the member of Congress insisted on another and gained his point. This, I think, is wrong, and will not occur with my knowledge and consent while I have anything to say." All other things being equal he will differ to the recommendation of the Congressmen but that individual's endorsement will not always suffice. Mr. Vilas is fully imbued with the spirit which animated President Cleveland in the desire for a pure and honest administration, and is resolved to assist him to his fullest extent. So far they have made few if any mistakes.

LAWLESSNESS and murder still run riot in Rowan, Letcher, Knox and Bell counties and there seems no alternative but for the Governor to send troops to the scene and subdue the rebels or shoot them down like dogs. Governor Knott very commendably tried persuasion on them and endeavored to stay the riotous proceedings by an appeal to their manliness and citizenship and these having failed, coercion is the only means left him and we are glad to know that he is equal to the occasion by holding troops under marching orders to move the moment they are demanded. The lawbreakers can and must be suppressed, if it takes every soldier and citizen in the State.

The silence on the part of the newspapers concerning the Hon. Philip B. Thompson, Jr., was growing serious and we were beginning to hope that that much discussed individual was to be allowed to retire from public view, but here comes a Washington dispatch saying that he has just won a case with a \$5,000 fee and this will serve to advertise him for sometime. By the way a man who can make a \$5,000 fee in a single case ought to be glad the people refused to continue him as a Congressman, at a salary of but \$5,000 for a whole year.

The Rev. T. U. Dudley took several pages in the Century Magazine to discuss the subject, "How shall we help the negro?" while Peck's Sun disposes of the question in a line. It says the best way is to leave the hen coop and melon patch unguarded and let him help himself, and even the reverend gentleman can not gainsay the soundness of the argument.

The Chicago News thus sizes up the little repudiator: "The once popular and pious William Mahone has shrunk away to such an extent as to be almost invisible to the naked eye. The present administration seems to regard him with the same haughty indifference with which a well-bred gentleman views a half-smoked cigarette in the gutter."

SO WELL an informed paper as the New York World should blush to make such a mistake as to speak of the Rev. Sam Jones, as "the colored Southern revivalist." Samuel is a "Kentuckian, by gawd sir," and as he stands over six feet in his stockings, Mr. Pullitzer had best stay on his side of the line when he wants to call him a negro.

ONE of its old editors, Mr. J. E. Murrell, has taken temporary charge of the Columbia Spectator and already it shows the touch of an expert. Its editor, Mr. Rollin Hurt, is a candidate for the Legislature and has neglected the paper till its appearance was an eye sore to every lover of neat typography.

EVERYTHING man has been charged against members of the Illinois Legislature except rape and now that charge is most made against Representative Jones, of Randolph county, who is charged with assault with intent to outrage Nannie Jones, a 12 year old page, in the State-house at Springfield.

KEILEY, of Richmond, Va., seems to be in bad repute with the foreign governments. Italy refused to accept him as a Minister from the U. S., and now Austria follows suit. Some remark about the religion of the countries in a speech many years ago is given as the reason for not wishing his presence.

A COLORED lawyer was killed by Judge R. H. Thompson to occupy during his absence the bench of the city court of Louisville and the latter is receiving much praise from the colored people. It was the first time that a black man ever acted as judge in the State.

AFTER July 1st, the heavy postage tax on newspapers will be relieved by 50 per cent. Last year that class of mail matter brought a revenue to the department of over two millions of dollars.

KENTUCKY offers up another sacrifice to the avenger of murder to-day. Jordan Taylor, colored, will be hung at Hopkinsville for killing Nellie Saunders, whose head he cut off with an ax.

THE editor of the Hanover, Va., News, Claude Swanson by name, published a denunciatory article on Judge Edmond Waddell, recently discharged from the U. S. District Attorneyship, charging that he had sold himself to Mahone for office. The Judge thereupon challenged the editor and disappeared. But duellists usually manage to let the officers find out about their coming "affair of honor" and the Judge was arrested and hauled over to keep the peace. The editor also had to furnish bondsmen and instead of a noted duel the matter ends in a police court, just as both probably wished it would. These "dead game" Virginians are not always as brave as they advertise themselves and many of them resort to the "code" for the purpose of being brought before the courts.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—R. T. Merrick, an eminent lawyer, is dead at Washington.

—At Louisville, Philip Bellmyer was given 14 years on two charges of attempted rape.

—The Kentucky School of Medicine, of Louisville, graduated fifty-seven young doctors.

—Hon. Horace Burchard, Director of the Mint, declines to resign. It is probable that he will be removed.

—The library, 3,000 volumes, left by the late Dr. T. S. Bell, has been purchased by the Polytechnic Society for \$1,500.

—Thomas Beck has been appointed to succeed George W. Dent, brother-in-law of General Grant, as Appraiser at San Francisco.

—John Kenney, a negro prisoner in the jail at Cynthiana who tried to kill the deputy jailer, J. B. King, was shot by the latter and killed.

—As a result of the recent earthquake in Cashmere, 3,081 persons lost their lives. 70,000 houses were laid in ruins, and 33,000 animals perished.

—The Marquis of Salisbury has accepted the office of Premier, thus making an important step in the settlement of the English political struggle.

—The excitement over the killing of young Schreier, at Nashville, by three policemen, has grown very great, and \$5,000 has been subscribed to prosecute them.

—William Jackson, residing near Greensburg, Ind., was fatally injured while plowing corn, the plow handle striking him in the abdomen, causing death in twenty-four hours.

—It is predicted from Frankfort that Judge Bowden, of the Superior Court, will be the successful candidate for the Court of Appeals vice Judge Hines, who declines to run again.

—Ground was broken Tuesday for a million-dollar Government building on the corner of Fourth and Chestnut street, Louisville. It is to be completed in 1890.

—Five negroes, four men and one woman, were hung by a mob at Ekharit, Texas, Monday morning for the murder of Mrs. Randolph Hazell, the preceding night.

—Round-trip tickets from Louisville to the National Teachers' Association at Saratoga Springs have been placed on sale at \$10, good going July 6 to 13, inclusive; returning until August 31.

—Link Banks, a leader of the Letcher county outlaws, was instantly killed at Whitesburg by J. H. Frazier, whom he attacked on an old grudge. Banks had killed three men since Jan. 1st.

—Buddeneich, the cheap contractor who built houses in New York with sand instead of mortar, has been sentenced to ten years in prison and to pay a fine of \$500 for the killing of a man by the falling of a row of his rotten work.

—The action of Secretary Bayard in sending the Irregulars to Ecuador to back up the demand for a release of Santos is regarded as the best evidence that the Administration will protect American interests and American honor and will not hesitate to interfere again and promptly in Central American affairs if the occasion calls for it, as does not seem unlikely, in view of what is now transpiring on the Isthmus.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

—John Graham obtained license to be married to Miss Jennie Bange. Both are residents of Garrard.

—The wills of Joe Baker, Achilles Allen and Garland King were admitted to probate in the county court Monday.

—Mrs. Wm. Forbush died suddenly of hemorrhage of the lungs Tuesday evening. Burial at Pleasant Grove cemetery Wednesday.

—Workmen began laying brick on C. C. Stormes new store room Thursday. The building will be two stories and will be used by Mr. Stormes as a drug and grocery store.

—Mr. James E. Murdoch, the celebrated elocutionist and dramatist, of Cincinnati, gave a reading at the City Hall on the evening of the 23d inst. He was greeted by a large audience who were delighted with the entertainment. Although 75 years of age Mr. Murdoch has all the fire, and his voice is as strong, clear and resonant as that of a young man of 25. His repertoire embraced the tragic, the pathetic and the humorous and his renditions were all superb. He is a grand old man.

—Miss Nellie Marra is visiting friends in Nicholasville. Rev. W. I. Fowle and family and Miss Bettie Jones are at Dripping Springs. Col. Sam Miller has gone to Cincinnati on business. Messrs. Will Vaughan, of Cincinnati, and E. L. Vaughan, of Shelbyville, are visiting their father, Rev. T. M. Vaughan. Miss Lillie Noel, who was reported convalescent, is now dangerously ill, we regret to say. Messrs. W. J. and Robt. Kinnaird went to Louisville Wednesday. Miss Honeywell Hullman left Thursday for Winchester, where she will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Richard Enbry. Miss Kate Lundman is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. G. Dunlap at Nicholasville.

GEO. O. BARNES.

A Visit to the Castle of Chillon Graphically Described.

ALWAYS PRaising THE LORD.

"PROSPECT POINT," LANDOUR, N. INDIA, May 12th, 1885.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]
The wind was rather cold on deck and only cousin Judie and Will faced it. The rest of us contented ourselves with looking through the spacious cabin windows at the lovely scenery and making dashes up stairs when the boat touched at landings and the decrease in speed made the cutting breeze more tolerable.

Glorious from even cabin windows were the ever changing charms of mountain and lake. We did not repeat the blunder Vernon and I made last summer by going by the proper landing of a mile below the castle and then having a two-mile walk from the next point where the boat touches in order to get back to it. Instead of walking the 3, however, as most do, we chartered a skiff for 5 francs, the round trip, and rowed up to Chillon. It was a delightful way to go over the blue waters. Will took one pair of oars and our hostman the other and the little craft spun merrily along, propelled by strong arms. Landing under the frowning battlements, we clambered up to the draw-bridge level and chaperoned by the same guide, saying the same things in a wearied, protesting way, as if he were tired to death going over the story, we leisurely "did" the famous old keep, in the pleased and horrified fashion that alternate as the varying objects of interest call up the changing emotions. Bonnyard's column and the rusted iron ring where his chain was fastened; the condemned cell where the grim old Duke's prisoners passed their last night on earth; the gallows room, with the ancient cross-beam still in place; the postern door where the bodies were shot out into the lake after execution; the torture chamber in the story above, where rack and red-hot irons did their awful work; the Duke of Savoy's bed chamber; his Duchess' boudoir; the royal reception room; the chapel (no man like to be without "his religion" to sanction whatever he does) the black gaping well with 4 stone steps and then—an 80 feet fall on sharp knives at the bottom, hacking the poor wretch to gihlets; then exit, and glad to get out into the outer air, under God's blue sky, that looked down upon all these horrors, and still looked down and make no sign, while as bad or worse things are going on. Thank God, one day it shall cleave and let the glorious King through, who shall right all wrongs and banish wrong from His redeemed earth. We quitted this horrible old place with its concentrated superabundance of gloomy associations and so few that relieve the dark lines of the picture.

We gathered some ferns and moss (Will clambering out of the boat and up the jagged rocks to get them) right under the narrow slit windows of Bonnyard's prison. This "prisoner of Chillon" has been embalmied in Byron's verse, but I am not sure he has not been made too much of. I am not sure that he was not a pettefious malcontent, who gave the old Duke of Savoy a lot of trouble, until the "fortune of war" threw him into the unsparring hands of his old master. Then the iron "times" did the rest. Very likely he would have treated the Duke in the same way had he been the stronger. Who knows now, whether it was not "of one and of a dozen" of "other"? They were a "bad lot" all round, in those rough days of "strong cords and short shrifts" and nothing but the gospel can make any of us any better now.

We wrote postals at the railway station before the train came. The lower Alps were still covered with the winter's white, and so we had a "snowy range" that in measure compensated for the invisible grandeur of real peaks. But the Himalayas will more than make up for Alpine losses.

We had a good dinner at Lausanne; Mons Dufour and Frank meeting us and the latter making himself invaluable in the 20 minutes we had for our meal, getting our tourist's tickets properly viced and countersigned; laying in lunch for the night, and getting our baggage stowed in a suitable compartment of the railway carriage, all of which enabled us to eat in peace and say "adien" unburiedly.

Between Lausanne and Geneva an obliging old Scotchman gave us what information we needed en route. Mr. Blanc still had his head in the clouds, and reluctantly we gave him up after leaving Geneva. From Geneva to Culz we paid 12 francs extra for 1st class accommodation, there being no 21 on the train and we not wishing to wait for a later one. So we sped out of Switzerland.

FRIDAY, Feb. 20.—We crossed the frontier between Switzerland and France at Bellegarde and then again the frontier between France and Italy at Modane just before arrival at the Mont Cenis tunnel all the same night.

We had quite an unintentional "yaw" with the Bellegarde officials, owing to our ignorance of the language. When the train arrived we heard porters shouting, but supposed it to be the usual noise of announcement and exit still, knowing that we made no change before Modane. Where as the order was for all to get out and have luggage examined. I noticed an officer looking very wrathfully at us, and even that he seemed to be addressing some words, personally to our party; but being in blissful ignorance of what it was all about, we stared innocently at the illigant gentleman in "peg tops" and went on talking cheerfully. At last some porters came and began to haul our parcels off the shelves of the carriage in a most unceremonious way, vociferating angrily and reminding us to get out. Following our baggage wonder-

ingly and still the innocent occasion of much wrathful commotion among the officials, we found ourselves in a great room where heaps of portmanteaus and satchels let us into the secret of the situation at once. They had a little revenge in most thoroughly ransacking us and tumbling as much as possible. At last we were re-bestowed in a rumpled condition in our compartment and off, to be again rummaged at Modane in crossing to Italian soil. It is a great inconvenience to travellers that the world is so subdivided under different ownerships, treating all comers as intruders. It is a sensation sui generis, also, to stand looking on while a perfect stranger roots suspiciously around in the compartments of your "Gladstone," overturning your clothing, jewelry and dressing material in the most reckless and familiar way possible and by every action making you feel that he is in temporary possession of your property. Indignation, resentment, kick, struggle for a brief moment in your outraged bosom, while the man of routine goes on with bent head, peering, poking, diving, wholly absorbed in his employment all unconscious of the storm he has raised just above him. He would be amazed if you collared him.

Near Modane we met a train filled with soldiers, and halting opposite on different tracks, one of them stared at George very rudely until she drew the curtain in his face. Whereat a roar of laughter greeted the discomfited gaze from his comrades, in the midst of which the train moved off.

We were 30 minutes going through the Mont Cenis tunnel, decidedly the king of punctures through this solid earth. I am told that the engineers did not miss their measurement more than a few inches in meeting in the heart of the mountain after working from both sides, a wonderful triumph of engineering skill.

On the French side we got a lot of exquisite moonlit views of the approaches to the tunnel.

We reached Turin at 2 in the morning. Its railway station is the handsomest in Europe, perhaps in the world. One is astonished at the plate glass mirrors and superb frescoes in the waiting rooms, more befitting a royal palace than a railway station. We had a weary 4 hours waiting there. At 6 off for Pisa and Genoa.

Alas for "Sunny Italy." What a huge joke it seemed. More disagreeable, villainous weather could hardly be conceived than that which enveloped us as we drew out of the old capital of Italy and stuck to us all this memorable day. We shivered and toasted our toes on the foot warmers, looked on the forbidding landscape, draped in raw mists and adorned with a driving rain storm and then with one accord burst into an immoderate laugh. It was too good for "Sunny Italy." Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES.

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Managed by Jno. B. Fish.

—The dry weather has caused the meadows to be almost a total failure.

—The church at this place will probably make arrangements for Elder J. L. Allen to preach during the remainder of the year.

—The board of examiners for this county will examine applicants for certificates to teach in the public schools, on Saturday, June 27th.

—Miss Mamie Kelley has returned to West Virginia. Miss Annie Higgins, of Kirksville, is visiting her sister, Mrs. S. W. Paris, of this place.

—Persons knowing themselves indebted to me will please come up and settle their accounts by the 15th of July. I am compelled to have the money. F. L. Thompson.

—W. R. Rimey was nominated by the republicans of Laurel county to make the race for the Legislature from Laurel and Rockcastle counties. Doc. Goline is an independent republican candidate and says he intends to run the race through. The democrats have not put out a candidate yet. The Teachers institute for Rockcastle county will be held on the 27th day of July and will be conducted by Prof. W. E. Lugenhehl, principal of the Southern Indiana Normal school.

The Broadhead Graded School.

[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]

The graded school at this place taught by Miss Allie Carson, closed its present term on the evening of the 19th of June, with a successful and interesting entertainment given by the pupils, consisting of songs, recitations, dialogue and instrumental music. The occasion was largely attended. The admission fees at the door amounted to \$24.75. The exercises were varied and lasted until 12 o'clock. We must make special mention of the rendering of "King Bruce of Scotland," by the elocution class, and the seven young ladies representing the seven colors of the rainbow, who were Misses Kittie Butler, Randa Tate, Roxie Barnes, Jennie Collier, Effie Crawford, Lizzie Harmon and Laura Vanhook. Their recitations and scenes were most splendid. We will also say that the play entitled "Pumpkin Ridge," was ably displayed by Alex. H. Hart, Grant Sigman, T. J. Cress, James Harlin, Roy Barnes, Ed. Crawford and Sybil Rowland. Mr. Cress and Miss Barnes represented the two characters from "Pumpkin Ridge," and were attired to suit the occasion. The Cyclones, edited by Misses Crawford and Rowland, was a decided hit. The train to "Mauro," by James Harlin, Miss Jennie Collier and C. C. Rowland, was very amusing. We could mention many other recitations and plays that were equally interesting but fear it would be intruding on your columns. Suffice it to say that all did well and much praise is due Miss Carson for her efficient training and the pupils for the manner in which they all acquitted themselves. The next term of school will begin August 31st, under the supervision of Miss Allie Carson. J. H. V.

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I have tried Bradford's Female Regulator, and find it splendid, and all you claim for it.
Respectfully, MATTIE A. TUCKER.

Die West, S. C., Nov. 17, 1881.
I have used one bottle of your Female Regulator and can recommend it to the public as being a specific for the diseases of women.
Yours truly, HELEN SMITH.

Santhland, Texas, Nov. 14, 1881.
I have been taking your Female Regulator and think it a great medicine. Have recommended it to several of my friends, who have used it with most happy results.
Yours truly, F. M. WHITLEY.

Waverly, Texas, Nov. 11, 1881.
Having used your Female Regulator with great success, and also the Mother's Friend with the same result, I send you my thanks and best wishes. I think every female should know of this boon to women, namely: Bradford's Female Regulator and the Mother's Friend.
Respectfully, Mrs. JAMES THOMPSON.

Union, Ga., Nov. 11, 1881.
I have been using your Female Regulator for some time with the best of results, and find it to be just what you claim for it—women's best friend.
Respectfully, Mrs. W. L. REAVIS.

We are constantly receiving voluntary testimony. Send for our Treatise on the Diseases of Women, mailed free. Address: BRADFORD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA. For sale by DR. M. L. ROUSE, Stanford.

NOTICE!

The Stanford Woolen Mills are no longer in operation, nor have they been since February, 1885. Notice is authorized in contract debts for it and none will be paid unless authorized by the President, over his signature.

J. H. McALISTER, President.

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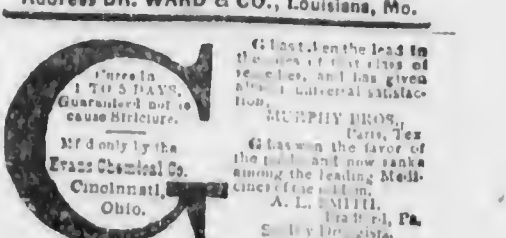
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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

THE "POT-BOILER."

THE ARTIST WHO TURNS OUT AN OIL PAINTING IN TEN MINUTES.

An "Unrivaled Collection" of Bad Manners, Head-Down Tropics and Inimitable Turners and Landscapes—A "Pot-Boiler" at Work.

[Chicago Tribune.]
"A 'pot-boiler.' Certainly I know what a 'pot-boiler' is."

Thus said the stranger, regarding his interlocutor with almost a resentful air, as if an imputation of ignorance had been cast upon him. The two were standing in the doorway of a State street rooming room, regarding, with mingled feelings of curiosity and amusement, "an unrivaled collection of oil paintings," whereof the putative artist was among the most celebrated artists of Europe. The stranger had been moved by the spectacle to mention the above-named subject. He went on to say:

"All this stuff is the work of 'pot-boilers,' and, with a disreputable 'spot' of his right hand, he took in a heterogeneous group of bad manners, head-down tropics, and unforfeitable copies of Botticelli and Landseer. There was one 'artistic' caricature of a Turner. 'All that stuff, sir,' the indignant critic repeated, 'was done under great stress by pot-boilers.' An hour I will tell you what that term means. A pot-boiler is not, as you idiotically suggest, one who boils pots. He is a species of mechanic for artists, as he would prefer to be called, who manufactures paintings for this and similar markets by the yard, piece or dozen, according to contract. He is of two kinds, gregarious or solitary. The former work in groups at large factories in New York and Philadelphia. Here they string up a row of canvases in a convenient light. Then the pot-boiler goes over the lot with a pot of paint, another with green a third with red, and so on till the canvases are all covered with land-scapes, etc., according as it happens. The result is the very lowest grade of work, which sells at wholesale at from 60 to 80 cents a copy. These are seen to be of rather a higher grade. They were done by the other kind—the solitary pot-boiler. He is a genius in his way. I think he can find you one of these fellows at work if you care to come."

The answer was a prompt expression of willingness, and the stranger led the way to a tall building on Randolph street, at the top of which was a little dingy room containing the paraphernalia of a paint-shop, and a parti-colored jacket inclosing a man. The latter was seated at a table, on a 12x18-inch canvas rapidly approaching completion. Around about were numerous completed works of art, some of them not yet dry. In the corner was a placard inscribed: "Paintings in oil while you wait," the uses of which were explained later on. The artist knew the stranger, and was willing to be seen and heard while he worked and talked.

"Yes," he began, "I am what they call a pot-boiler, and it doesn't make me feel bad to admit it. Time was, though, when I struck out for the name of artist and had yearnings—like all the other beginners. But only a few saw their ambition realized, and I was one of the many. Thank God, I had sense enough to see it before I starved for the want of glory and bread, and I turned my time exclusively to the latter. I am making money now, but (with an involuntary sigh) I suppose I will never be an artist."

During this monologue the speaker's hands were as busy as his tongue. With incredible rapidity he had painted a fine forest on the edge of a blue sheet of water, and caused the foreground to blossom as a rose of several hues. He used his left forearm for a mahl-stick and secured the use of more than two brushes. The colors were mixed as they were needed, without the aid of a palette knife. A pine tree was achieved by a single downward stroke, and two more rapid motions draped it in the graceful hangings of a woodland vine. A primrose on the river's bank, a blotch of ochre was laid on, and nothing more. The stranger remarked that he had worked without the aid of copy or crayon sketch.

"O, certainly," was the careless rejoinder. "I don't need them. I carry my 'designs' in my head; two or three 'fores,' as many 'distances,' and a few 'miscellaneous,' and there's my outfit. That difference is in the combinations. Now, in this picture, say, I have No. 1 sky, No. 3 distance, No. 2 fore, and so on."

The artist had already begun work on another canvas. "That picture I see you looking at is one I often use when I make my trips. Yes, I go to state fairs and exhibitions, take a booth, hang that sign out, and literally paint pictures while my customers wait for them. How long? Well, say ten minutes, on a small canvas. The sort of work brings \$1 a copy, or \$1 with a frame. Money in it! Well, rather! Five people out of ten think they've got a bargain at the price. I've made \$75 a day, with a clean profit of \$50. Two of my friends did even better at the New Orleans exposition last winter, and there wasn't any crowd to speak of, either. Where does most of my work go to? That's one of the secrets of the biz. May be you know the stranger."

The stranger indicated by his conduct as he led his companion out that he did.

Culm vs. Cucumbers.

[Chicago Herald.]
There is a store on the north side which is occupied by an undertaker. Several choice culms are placed artistically in his show window. Some are men's sizes and some of cherub dimensions. In this window, filled with reminders which make all of us feel small, this undertaker put a sign, "Part of window to rent." A man came along who rented a part of this window for it and began moving in his merchandise. He was a vegetable dealer, and piled up cucumbers and other choicest of the vegetable kingdom in a manner which ruffled the coffee dealer. A lawsuit is on the tapis. The health department will be called upon to decide whether a man who deals in death trucks is any worse than the man who advertises for dead people. The north side is awaiting the outcome of this decision with bated breath. They are betting on the man with the cucumber pile.

A Mistle Somewhere.

[Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.]
"Blessed are the peace-makers, Bismarck gets \$500 a day for keeping all Europe in a state of lightning suspense about what he is going to do next. Gen. Komaroff gets 100,000 roubles for killing a few Afghans and standing all India up on end, a good canon costs \$1,000 and a city missionary wears out his life for \$300 a year and you can get a Bible of the Tract society for nothing."

Railro in Dakota.

[Chicago Journal.]
The Marquis de More is confident that the whitish clay found near the lignite ruins at Madison is the kaolin from which the finest pottery ware is made. If it proves to be such, he will manufacture on a large scale there.

SWING SONG.

[William Allington in Magazine of Art.]
Swing, swing, swing, sing!
Here's my Europe and I'm a King!
Swing, sing, swing, sing!
Farewell, Earth, for I'm on the wing!

Low, high, here I fly,
Like a bird through sunny sky!
Free, free, over the land,
Over the mountain, over the sea!

Up, down, up and I down
Which is way to London town?
Where, where, up in the air!
Close your eyes—and now you are there!

Soon, soon, afternoon,
Over the sunset, over the moon,
Far, far, over the hill,
Sweeping on from star to star!

No, no! low, low!
Sweeping down with my bow,
Low, low, to and fro,
Slow—slow—slow—slow.

WHEN YOUR GIRTH INCREASES.

Extra Weight To Be Carried Through All the Labors of Life.

There is that occasional visit to the tailor, who, tape in hand, announces in commercial monotone to the listening clerk the various measurements of our girth, and congratulates us on the gradual increase thereof. He never in his life saw you looking so well, and "fancy, sir, you are another inch below your armpits"—a good deal below—"since last year!" Instinctively intimating that in an other year so you will have nearly as fine a chest as I am. And you, poor deluded victim, are more than half willing to believe that your increasing size is a privilege to increasing health and strength, especially as your wife emphatically takes that view, and regards your augmenting portliness with approval.

Ten years have now passed away since you were 40, and by weight 125 stones—a fair proportion for your height and build. Now you turn the scale to one stone more, every ounce of which is fat—extra weight to be carried through all the labors of life. If you continue your present dietary and habits and live five or seven years more the burden of fat will be doubled, and that insinuating tailor will be still congratulating you. Mentions you are "ruining the race of life" as a figure of speech less appropriate to you at the present moment than it formerly was—handicapped by a weight which makes active movement difficult, up-stair ascents troublesome, respiration thick and panting.

Not one man in fifty lives to a good old age in this condition. The typical man of 50 or 60 years, still retaining a respectable amount of energy of body and mind, is lean and active, and lives on slender rations. Neither your heart nor your lungs can carry easily and healthily, being oppressed by the gradually gathering fat around. And this because you continue to eat and drink as you did, or even more luxuriously than you did, when youth and activity disposed of that quantity of food which was consumed over and above what the body required for sustenance.

Such is the import of that balance of unexpended aliment which your tailor and your foolish friends admire, and the gradual disappearance of which, should you recover your senses and diminish it, they will still deplore, half-frightening you back to your old habits again by saying, "You are growing thin; what can be the matter with you?" Insane and mischievous delusion.

A Barber's History of the "Machine Clip."

[Chicago Herald Interview.]
"Well, this damn old Yankee went to work on the machine clipper. In two weeks he had his first machine constructed. 'Here Sam,' he says to the brush boy, 'I've got a little machine here for cutting hair, and I want you to try it on you.' The trial was made. But it wasn't a success. Hair blew all over the room, the chair was turned over, and Sam screeched like a strawberry venier. You see, the first machine was a failure. He tried it again, and it pulled. 'That's no machine,' he said. 'Here Sam,' he says to the brush boy, 'I've got a little machine here for cutting hair, and I want you to try it on you.' The trial was made. But it wasn't a success. Hair blew all over the room, the chair was turned over, and Sam screeched like a strawberry venier. You see, the first machine was a failure. He tried it again, and it pulled. 'That's no machine,' he said. 'Here Sam,' he says to the brush boy, 'I've got a little machine here for cutting hair, and I want you to try it on you.' 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